



The Runaway



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Chapter 1 by Charlotte

Scarlett was 15 years old when she ran away from home. Sleeping on different bus stops and eating off the dollar menu, Scarlett had officially screwed herself over. Her parents didn't miss her. Why would they? They're the ones who encouraged her to leave their perfect home. After they had adopted a toddler from China like they always wanted to, Scarlett was just the lingering mistake that wouldn't leave. Aaron, the adopted 3 year old golden child, did all the things they wished Scarlett did. Everything was perfect for them now that Scarlett had left. Scarlett had no school. No home. Only buses to get from place to place and once a month visiting her friend Marietta's house to spend the night. Unfortunately, the day that Scarlett got to sleep on a mattress, was the worst day in the world to Marietta's parents. It had been a week since her glorious visit with Marietta and she hopped on the bus to ride to the other side of town. She scrambled on right as it was leaving and the only spot available was next to a scroungy boy with black hair and sweat pants. She sat down beside him and introduced herself. The boy turned and said, "Ryan. Homeless? Yeah me too...abandoned at birth. I don't know your story and you seem like a tough one to crack but if we spend enough time on this bus I can get your whole life story so you better start talking now" Ryan said as he got comfortable in his seat. Scarlett was taken aback by his chatter but figured a friend wouldn't be a bad thing to have. She told as little as possible while still trying to be interested. She needed someone.

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